

LIGHTS of NEW YORK

A well known New York newspaper woman, who lived on Perry street, owns a cat by the name of Mollie. Perry street is a home-like neighborhood, and Mollie resided at large, known and liked by all. Frequently she would go out walking in the evening and return escorted by two or three gentlemen friends. But recently the newspaper woman and her family moved uptown. Not only that, but they moved to a fifteenth floor apartment, where there was a doorman and elevator boys in uniform. The old, care-free atmosphere was left behind. Mollie missed her old life. There were none of her race with whom to exchange gossiping minutes. She had risen fifteen floors above her former admirers. But once a flirt, always a flirt. The other day, Mollie's mistress found her perched on the sill of the open living room window. Five stories below, in another window, sat a large gentleman, singing to Mollie in a throaty yowl—a perfect troubadour. Mollie was giving him one of those looks. For the first time since occupying her new quarters, she appeared to be contented again.

Many of these new prominent in the theatrical and moving picture world did other things before taking up their present occupations. Among New York producers, for example, George Cohan was once a boy violinist; Sam Harris, before he managed Terry McGovern, ran a laundry; Morris Cheeser was a ticket speculator; Bill Brady was a manager of pugilists; Winchell Smith, the playwright, was a grain salesman. At Wood was in the spectacle business. Charles Dillingham was a food clerk, and a boxer. Joe and Ned Schuch were dentists.

The captain of L-balls in a big Florida hotel has aspirations as a dramatist. His name is Henry "Tommy" Henry, which would appear to be a good name for his line. At any rate, every time John Golden goes South, Henry has new ideas for a play. He tells them all to Mr. Golden who, if Henry ever writes the play, undoubtedly should be his producer.

One of the extremely few inhabitants of Andros, that island of the western Bahamas where flamingos still are found in large flocks, is Percy Cavill, a perfect type of the gentleman of fortune. He has been all over the world but came originally from Australia. His brother, Tom Cavill, was a swimming champion and is credited with being the originator of the Australian crawl stroke. They tell me it was known originally as the "Cavill stroke."

Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington baseball club, told me that Sam West of Hite, Tex., not only was his best outfielder, but one of the best he had ever seen. Texas appears to be a state which turns out good outfielders. Witness, for instance, Mr. Tris Speaker.

As a matter of fact, Texas appears to turn out major league players for all positions. There is Rogers Hornsby from Wichita; this means from Galveston; Horace Wadsworth from Palestine; Art Whitney from San Antonio; Lloyd Brown from Houston; Pat Caraway from Houston; Tex Carleton from Comanche; Sam Gray from Van Alstine; Fred Marberry from Streetman, and several more. Tex Rickard always used to take pleasure in recounting to me the number of athletes Texas had produced.

New York never will cease to miss Tex Rickard. Broadway has seen many colorful personages, but no one ever brought more color with him than Tex. And, as a promoter, New York never will see his equal.

(C. H. McKENZIE, Editor—Oxford County, Maine.)

Wild Geese Prove to Be

Excellent Movie Actors

It has been said that the wild geese are the best of the flock. A. A. Allen, Cornell University, taking a position in a cornfield, Allen made sound movies of a flock of geese feeding nearby.

"They acted just as if they knew they were having their pictures taken," Allen said. "They rose and settled down right in front of the camera. One of them even came up and kissed at the lens."

Black Grapes From Pine

Bethel, Maine—A large black tree grows from the stump of an old pine tree here.

Circulates Dollar

Hoarded 25 Years

Findlay, Ohio—Hoarded since 1907, a silver dollar which had lain hidden in a clock in a Findlay home has been put back into circulation.

The "hoarded dollar" was given to a Findlay man 25 years ago by his grandmother to buy a (2) was passed, but instead it was hidden in the clock. At the time of the chamber of commerce in its anti hoarding campaign, the dollar was started on a round of business places, approximately tagged so it would signify to what purpose it was put.

MERCURY DEPOSITS FOUND IN ARKANSAS

Metal Is Now Employed in a Thousand Ways.

Washington.—Discovery of deposits of mercury in Arkansas adds another important metal to that state's list of mineral resources.

"New domestic mercury deposits are important because more mercury is used in the United States than in any other country, and more than one-third of the domestic consumption now must be imported from Europe," says a bulletin from the National Geographic Society.

"Mercury has been known for at least 2,500 years, but its wide use is a development of recent centuries. Today it is employed in about a thousand ways."

"A thin stream of the silvery liquid metal sealed in a glass thermometer tube has long been man's aid in determining temperatures; in barometers, weather forecasters depend upon it to forecast changes in weather; in altimeters, it aids aviators to determine how high they are flying; and marine engineers use it in meters to estimate the flow of water."

"Mercury often does its best work where man least expects it. The life of many a sleeping voyager is guarded by huge lighthouse beacons that revolve on floating mercury bearings, and many toothaches have been avoided by gold or silver amalgam teeth fillings made possible by mercury. The life of dry batteries is prolonged because mercury protects their zinc plates."

Aids Beauty, Cleans Dancers.
The golfer plays on velvet greens and the farmer harvests healthy crops because a small quantity of mercury, mixed with fertilizers, kills insects that attack plant roots. The ship owner cleans the scale from the hulls of his ships with mercury and covers the hulls with paint containing mercury because it starts the rapid growth of barnacles. When fashion decrees that feet hats should be "happy," the hat manufacturer produces the desired effect with mercury.

"In many ways the metal loses its identity in various kinds of mixtures. It is in lady's rouge box and lipstick case where it is available to produce synthetic pink cheeks and red lips. The 'silvered' mirror into which she peers to apply her cosmetics is in reality, a 'mercurial' mirror.

"About one-third of the world's supply of mercury is used in the drug and chemical industries. It helps to produce soda used in the manufacture of artificial silk and is an ingredient of some dyes."

"It is mercury that produces the green lights and helps to produce the blue lights in colored light advertising signs. Because it is dependable in maintaining even temperature during oil distilling operations, it is an important 'tool' of the oil industry.

"As a safe, dependable detonator for explosives, it was one of the so-called war minerals during the World War. In peace times its detonating uses are legion. It helps to blast tunnels through mountains and gouge cuts for railroads and highways, raises trees and stumps in clear land for many purposes, lowers limestone, granite and marble from quarries for new buildings, and dissolves minerals from mines."

Spain Chief Source.
"Radio programs are amplified in American living rooms by radio tubes in the manufacture of which mercury had part, and many electrical devices used in modern buildings were produced with the aid of mercury. One of the most outstanding recently developed uses of mercury is in power plants. The new plant uses mercury vapor instead of steam."

"Now and then mercury is found in its liquid metal state but more often it appears in a red mercury-sulfur ore called cinnabar, from which the metal is extracted by a roasting process.

"Mercury is known to exist on every continent but most of the world's supply comes from Spain and Italy, with Spain leading in production. The mines which give Italy second rank among mercury-producing countries are situated near Trieste and in Tuscany. The United States is third on the mercury production list, with California leading the 'mercury states' which include Oregon, Nevada, Washington, Texas, and Arizona. The metal also is mined in Alaska, Mexico, Canada, China, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Algeria, Japan, Rumania, New Zealand and Australia. Peru once was an important South American source of mercury, but production ceased several years ago."

107,744 Italians Go

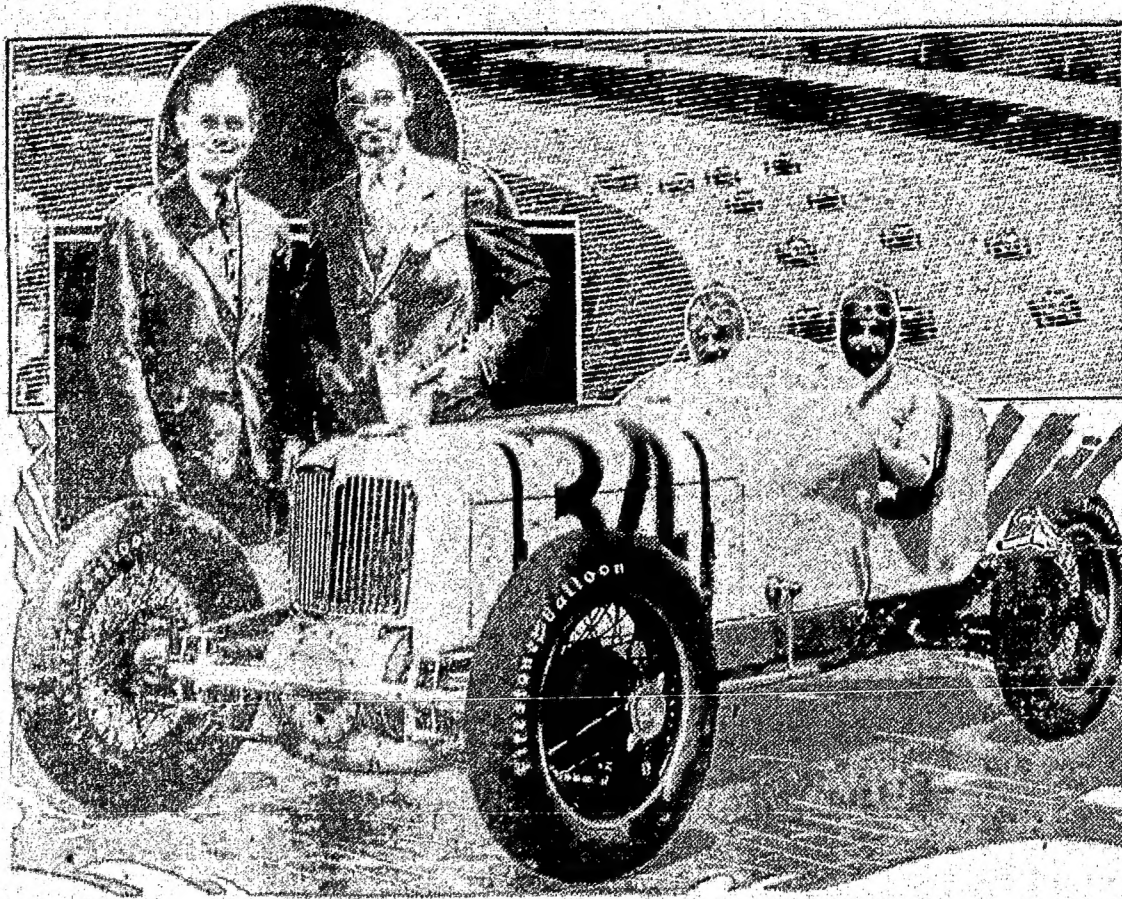
Back to Old Country

Rome.—A total of 107,744 Italian laborers returned to Italy from abroad in 1931. Of the number, 22,505 returned from the United States; 22,159 from France; 17,120 from Switzerland; 14,581 from Argentina and the balance from other South American and European countries. Italian census figures, revised from April, 1931, give the population as 42,221,627 as of January 31, 1932.

Bell Rings 147 Years

Losiemouth, Scotland—"Lady Gordon," a bell weighing over a quarter of a hundredweight, first started ringing in 1785 and can still be heard at Ramsay Macdonald's Scottish home, the Thillock, as it rings in its turret at Losiemouth railroad station.

Record Race Victor Thanks Firestone



Upper left, Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., referee of the race, and Edsel Ford, pacemaker on the first lap. Lower, Fred Frame, the winner, and Jerry Hauck, riding mechanic, in the car they drove to victory.

Men, automobiles and tires set amazing new records of speed and endurance in this year's 500-mile international race on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Giving a splendid exhibition of cool and steady driving, Fred Frame, victor of many races, won the event in record-breaking time. With an admiring throng milling around him after his sensational victory, one of the first things Frame did was to send the following telegram to Harvey S. Firestone, pioneer tire manufacturer:

"I want to congratulate you and thank you on the wonderful performance of Firestone tires

which helped me win the Indianapolis 500-mile race today without tire trouble, setting a new record of more than 104 miles an hour for the 500 miles."

The race throughout was a remarkable Firestone triumph. Every car to finish was equipped with Firestone tires. The first four broke the former record of 101.13 miles an hour made by Peter De Paolo in 1925. In all the history of the famous motor race there has never been a more severe test of tires and never a finer demonstration of their qualities than was furnished this year. It was the thirteenth consecutive victory for Firestone.

County News

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Buck and family called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trask at Waterford Saturday.

Mrs. Bean and Tom Walsh of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Warner and two sons, Dora and Junior, were callers at Francis Cole's Saturday afternoon.

Everett Cole, second assistant Scoutmaster, and Scouts Harland Abbott, Danny Brown, Bernard McMillan, and the Scouts and Scoutmasters of Bryant Pond have gone to Silver Lake for a week's camping trip.

Frank Sweetser of Bryant Pond did some carpenter work at the Charles Cole house last week.

Mrs. Ina Jordan a visiting sister, Mrs. Ernest Smith, and family at West Paris.

Mrs. Charles Marble and sister, Evannah Fuller, were at Gorham, N. H., Sunday evening.

Howard Smith of West Paris is visiting his cousin, Mrs. Edgar Davis.

Allice Knights visited Irene Ames at Bryant Pond a few days this week.

Several from this community attended Franklin Grange at Bryant Pond last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis and grandson Lloyd were callers at Clinton Buck's Sunday afternoon.

Elizabeth Cole and Evelyn Knights were at Rumford one day last week.

Mrs. Arthur Whitman is working at the shoe factory in Norway this week.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Mrs. Philip Brown worked at the Bethel Inn a few days last week.

H. A. Skillings and Miss Marion Skillings were in South Paris and in Norway one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lapham are living in the Cummings' house while they are building their house.

Floyd Coolidge has bought Roy Lane's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Howard attended the Howard Reunion at Shelburne Saturday.

Miss Alice Chapman is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chapman. Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Thayer and family were calling in this vicinity one day last week.

UPTON

Mrs. Carrie Lombard Turner spent the week end with her brother, H. W. Whitney.

Mrs. John Burke is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. W. Whitney.

Miss Virginia Lee is working at the Abbott House.

Mrs. Wilfred Richards has returned home from Rumford with her small children.

Miss Mary Chase of Medford, Mass., has arrived in town for the summer. Miss May Jacobs of Boston is at her cabin on the hill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Soule have moved into C. A. Judkins' rent over his store.

Miss Bertha Burnham is working at Leslie Fuller's.

W. L. Brown is painting Edward Warren's tea room at Newry Corner.

The boys' and girls' 4-H clubs met at Mrs. A. W. Judkins' last Friday evening. Miss Evelyn Plummer, the County leader, was with them. She told them this would be her last meeting with them, as she will be attending the University of Maine at Orono.

Perry Judkins and family have moved to Andover.

GREENWOOD CITY

Mrs. Roland Hayes and children, who have been visiting in Portland, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ring and Mrs. Artland Rogers were in Lewiston Saturday.

Wilbur Yates has opened "Twin Boulder Inn" for the summer.

Many people from here attended the Grammar School graduation at Locke Mills Tuesday evening.

Callers at R. E. Morgan's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Yates, Joe Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bacon and son Vance of West Paris.

Mrs. Lester Morgan and Mrs. Robert Morgan called on friends at Greenwood Center Friday.

Mrs. George Cole, who has been visiting her daughter at Yarmouth, has returned home.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mrs. Cecille Roberts visited with friends at West Poland and Crescent Lake over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hoos and son Joseph and Richard Wagner of Berlin were at Camp Wagner Saturday.

Mary Martin is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan and family of Bryant Pond visited at D. R. Cole's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Farr and family of West Poland and Reginald Roberts of Locke Mills visited at R. L. Martin's Sunday. Martin Farr remained for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Whitman and family of Norway spent the week end at their camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Abbot of Mechanic Falls were at their cottage Tuesday.

1892 Forty Years 1932

Successful Merchandising

is our record

Please consider this notice a personal invitation to attend our great

ANNIVERSARY SALE

(look for our circular for details of bargains)

Starts Friday, June 24

Closes Saturday, July 2

An Eight Day Bargain Festival

C. H. MCKENZIE COMPANY

Oxford County's Largest Department Store

Rumford, Maine

HIGH STREET, WEST PARIS

Mrs. Will Whitman went Monday to the C. M. G. Hospital for a major operation. Ralph Whitman with Dr. Kay accompanied her.

Charlie and Peter Holden are working for Guy Knightly.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Benson and Rodney Benson took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Doughty, the occasion being the third birthday of their son Gordon Doughty.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Benson went to Berlin Sunday where Mr. Benson played baseball.

Kelp-o-Vita

for HEALTH

YOUTH and VIGOR

Men, women and children find KELP-O-VITA a safe and efficient treatment for debility, loss of vital powers and glandular impairment. YOU CAN BE OLD AT FORTY OR YOUNG AT SIXTY. QUIT DYING BEFORE YOUR TIME. KELP-O-VITA is a mineralized vegetable, easy and pleasant to take, not habit-forming. RICH in vitamins and Organic Salts. KELP-O-VITA is a REVITALIZER, a REHABILITATOR, a REHUMIDIFIER, an INVIGORATOR and a RECONSTRUCTIVE. INCREASES VITALITY and gives PEP, VIM and VIGOR. KELP-O-VITA is for VITALITY, the last word in modern science, send this ad. with your name, address and 25c in stamps or coin for one week's sample treatment. Address Kelp-O-Vita Laboratories, 1046 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. AB-18.

People having no cars to trade

will find it to their advantage to come to the O. K. Clifford Co.

We have a big line of cars and trucks at the right price.

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.

South Paris, Maine

a Child's

Ailment—Worms!

Mother knows the symptoms—pale face, especially around the mouth, then flushed with fever, nervous, irritable, restless in sleep, moaning, crying the teeth. You may depend upon "L. F." Atwood's Medicine to expel worms. Give small doses as directed; your child will gain wonderfully. Buy of your dealer, 50c bottle contains 60 doses.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

POULTRY

FAR

DAIRYING

POULTRY

PROVED WORTH OF

LIGHT FOR CHICKS

Results.

Within the past two years, several experiment stations have reported more rapid growth and lower loss may be had with chicks kept in brooder houses where a dim light is shed throughout the night.

Personally, we are sold on the method, though our use of all lights was followed in our first experience (two years ago) through city and not because of choice, but some started chicks, two of age, that had been kept in a room during their two weeks' stay at the hatchery.

As dark approached at the end of their first day in our poultry, they became panicky. They ran, cheeping or plied up in the air. We brought in an ordinary lantern and hung it from the ceiling. The chicks were six or eight weeks old, and quickly. Later we used a 10-watt light. We used lights on the chicks were six or eight weeks old, and quickly. Later we used a 10-watt light. We used lights on the chicks were six or eight weeks old, and quickly. Later we used a 10-watt light.

Without question, this lot of chicks grew faster than any lot raised previously. Our experience lies with that of many others whom I have talked. Even chicks become frightened, they pile up. We found that they are considerable feed during that night though the light was dim and raged that its rays did not fall on the chicks when sleeping in Wallace's Farmer.

Show Results in Fight

on Avian Tuberculosis

A summary of progress in dealing tuberculosis from poultry now being issued monthly by the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture. This summary includes the results of inspection of poultry flocks in the eleven States systematized work in detecting and treating tuberculosis of poultry. These states are Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. In addition are reports for ten other states which veterinarians engaged in fighting cattle for the disease also included poultry. The report included tabulated results of post-mortem examinations of flocks and fowls with tuberculosis, as shown in final examination of the tuberculosis. The summary for February 1932 shows 8,035 flocks under supervision and eradication of avian tuberculosis.

Helps Feathers to Grow

According to certain English reports, it is reported, when there is difficulty in getting feathers to grow and when the feathers are not so readily. At the same time, it is reported that a large number of that get is also a big one if those who rear chicks only see that the young have plenty of food there would not be the complaint about the feathers growing well; it will also keep other troubles away. There is a way to help the growth of the feathers to supply that part.

Poultry Notes

Overheating as well as chilling should be avoided in raising baby chicks. A pullet usually gains in weight till the end of her first winter. A chick starting mash should contain more than 14 per cent protein.

Unless your chicks have been in the sunshine each day, they have not lived off in their feed.

Farmers in the United States more than twice as many chicks as any other country in the world.

The standard weight for a Bronze turkey is 30 pounds. The heavyweight of the poultry year.

Low roosts when the chicks about three weeks old will help them from crowding.

Never let chicks go thirsty. The way of extinction. A 10-ounce drinking fountain is the easily handled type.

The Pekin duck originated in China and was introduced into this country about 1873. It soon became the popular breed on commercial farms.

THE CITIZEN-PRINT

FARM TOPICS

POULTRY AGRICULTURE ORCHARDING FORESTRY
DAIRYING LIVE STOCK GARDENING MARKETING

PROVED WORTH OF LIGHT FOR CHICKS

Illumination That Brought Results.

Within the past two years, several experiment stations have reported that more rapid growth and lower death loss may be had with chicks kept in brooder houses where a dim light is used throughout the night.

Personally, we are sold on this method, though our use of all-night lights was followed in our first experience (two years ago) through necessity and not because of choice. We bought some started chicks, two weeks of age, that had been kept in a lighted room during their two weeks' living at the hatchery.

As dark approached at the end of their first day in our poultry house, they became panicky. They ran about cheeping or pilled up in the corner. We brought in an ordinary farm lantern and hung it from the ceiling.

The chicks then bedded down very quietly and quickly. Later, we ran electric wires to the brooder house and used a dim light. We used lights until the chicks were six or eight weeks old.

Without question, this lot of chicks grew faster than any lot we had raised previously. Our experience tallies with that of many others with whom I have talked. Even if the chicks become frightened, they do not pile up. We found that they ate considerable feed during that night, even though the light was dim and so arranged that its rays did not fall directly on the chicks when sleeping.—J. W. Wallace's Farmer.

Show Results in Fight on Avian Tuberculosis

A summary of progress in eradicating tuberculosis from poultry is now being issued monthly by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture. The summary includes the results of inspection of poultry flocks in the eleven states doing systematic work in detecting and eradicating tuberculosis of poultry. These states are Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. In addition there are reports for ten other states in which veterinarians engaged in testing cattle for the disease also inspected poultry. The report includes the tabulated results of post-mortem examinations of flocks and fowls affected with tuberculosis, as shown by clinical examination of the tuberculin test. The summary for February shows 8,635 flocks under supervision for the eradication of avian tuberculosis.

Helps Feathers to Grow

According to certain English observations, it is reported, when there is any difficulty in getting feathers to grow, feed and sulfur help the growth considerably. At the same time, do not overlook the fact that a good supply of blut grit is also a big factor, and if those who rear chicks would only see that the young have plenty of small grit there would not be the common complaint about the feathers not growing well; it will also keep a lot of other troubles away. There is a lot of sulfur in a feather, and the best way to help the growth of the feathers is to supply blut grit.

Poultry Notes

Overheating as well as chilling must be avoided in raising baby chicks.

A pullet usually gains in weight until the end of her first winter.

A chick starting mash should not contain more than 15 per cent protein.

Unless your chicks have some time in the sunshine each day, they should have cod liver oil in their feed.

Farmers in the United States raise more than twice as many chickens as any other country in the world.

The standard weight for an adult Bronze turkey is 30 pounds. It is the heavyweight of the poultry yard.

Low toasts when the chicks are about three weeks old will help to keep them from crowding.

Never let chicks go thirsty. That is the way of extinction. A 10-inch diameter drinking fountain is the most easily handled type.

The Pekin duck originated in China, and was introduced into this country about 1872. It soon became the most popular breed on commercial duck farms.

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

FARM BUREAU NEWS

Removing old apple trees is accomplished in many ways. Following is the way one orchardist, with his helper, removed 50 trees ranging in diameter from 7 to 12 inches in the rapid time of seven hours, or an average of 8.4 minutes per tree. The trees were removed from an old field, roots and all.

Implement used were two shovels, Fordson tractor, 30 feet of 3-8 inch wire logging chain and an axe. The chain was in two sections, one attached to tractor and one encircling the larger limbs or trunk six or seven feet from the ground. The tractor was backed up close to the tree, placed in second gear and given the "gun." If said tree didn't come the first time, said tractor made a sudden stop and a second trial was made. Most trees assume the horizontal on the first tug and if big roots persist in holding, they are then exposed and can be cut low enough with the axe to avoid any trouble in piling; On several of the largest trees, they shoveled the soil and dirt away before pulling the tree. The longer the chain, the greater the pulling power; 30 feet or more is best.

Bertrand Buck, Buckfield, has 2½ acres sweet clover seeded last spring. 20 to 25 cows grazed it intermittently from August until the ground froze. In spite of close cropping last fall the clover looks strong and vigorous at present and is making good pasture for 20 cows. One of his Jerseys that freshened in December 1931 did not exceed 32 lbs. production during the winter and dropped back to about 25 lbs. before going on to pasture. After a week of sweet clover pasture she increased her milk up to 32 lbs. per day, the most she has done since freshening and after six or seven months production. The cows are done feeding at 10 a. m. and will not accept hay in the barn. At the advice of the U. S. D. A. who furnished inoculation, Mr. Buck left a narrow strip uninoculated when seedling. All clover on this strip has disappeared since last fall. "I am all done fussing with my old worn out pasture," he states. Another 1½ acres is being seeded to sweet clover this fall. A fairly rich soil well drained and lined brought the results mentioned.

CHILDREN SUFFER MOST FROM INADEQUATE DIET

Depression or not, children must be fed properly because they suffer most if they lack the right foods. In listing the minimum standard for a child's diet Therese E. Wood, foods specialist for the Extension Service, gives some suggestions in meeting the present emergency. She says: "First, at least one pint of milk for every child every day. In better times, of course, he would have a quart a day. Second, at least one vegetable and fruit, although three or four would be much better. And third, plenty of whole wheat bread, whole grain cereals, and other energy and body building foods.

The milk, the vegetables, and the fruits are protective foods. They safeguard the child against such diseases as rickets and scurvy which are known as deficiency diseases because they result from lack of certain essential foods. Milk should be the foundation of every diet and is imperative in the diet of children throughout the whole period of growth.

"There is economy in using milk because it does more for the body than any other food and does it more cheaply. What if the family can't afford milk when it is selling from 8 to 16 cents a quart? In that case, buy evaporated milk, which costs from about 6 to 8 cents for a tall can. A tall can, when diluted with an equal amount of water, is the equivalent of a quart of fresh milk.

"When the low cost diet allows only one vegetable a day for a child, be sure to serve this vegetable raw as often as possible, or to choose a vegetable that requires only a few minutes for cooking. Cabbage and potatoes, of course, should be served, but not to the exclusion of other vegetables. The leafy vegetables are especially rich in iron and in several important vitamins. Spinach is not the only leafy vegetable recommended. Many children develop a prejudice against spinach. It may be that the child has been given the vegetable too often, or that the parent has made too great an issue over the matter of his taking it. In such an event, it is well to omit spinach for a time, substituting some of the other greens. It is always too bad to force a child to eat any food. This is likely to establish a definite prejudice against it. This sort of reaction may in time spread to other foods, also."

Fernald's Mill, Albany

Clayton Penley, George Logan and Gard Barker are working at North Fryeburg, hoesing corn.

Mrs. Corrie Logan and Hilda spent a day with Mrs. Hilda Donahue last week.

Several from this vicinity attended the services of the Thirteen Days from Portland at Hunt's Corner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Hays and children were Monday night callers at Carrie Logan's.

There will be a Circle supper at Hunt's Corner Thursday, June 23. Mrs. Rose Eames (and grandsons, Lloyd Swan, are stopping at her farm for the summer.

WEST STONEHAM

Albert Adams and Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, also Florence Currier were in Bridgton Thursday.

Thornton Currier took Mrs. Albert Adams and daughter Elizabeth to Fryeburg to get Jeannette Adams. She has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Bert Emery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Trimbeck and children called at John Adams' Sunday.

FRUIT FLIES BEWARE, DON'T LAND IN MAINE. POISON!

Apple fruit flies which plan on infesting Maine apples this year had better use care in the trees they select. Judging from reports received on the way growers will spray.

Stanley Painter, state horticulturist, in commenting on the 60 per cent decrease in exports of New England apples in the last two years, due to the fruit fly, said in part as follows:

"For many years Maine apples have found a ready market in England and continental Europe. This is not true today.

"Due to the strict embargoes placed upon the apple from this country by England, the export trade from Maine has been greatly reduced. This embargo was the result of five carloads of apples received in England originating in this state and Massachusetts infested with the 'Apple Fruit Fly' (apple maggot). They do not allow any apples to enter their country which are infested with the pest.

"This embargo has worked hardships with many growers in this state and all the New England states. The export apples from the New England region has, in the past two years, decreased some 60 per cent. This great reduction in export apples left open a market for apples from all other sections of the country. The people of these sections were not slow in taking advantage of the situation and show a great tendency to crowd New England and Maine from the foreign market.

"In the season of 1930-1931, approximately 10 per cent of the apples exported for export to England were rejected by Federal inspectors. This does not represent the entire number of people desiring to export, for nearly as large a number, upon request, were advised by state authorities that their crop would not meet the requirements placed by the British Government.

No Fruit Fly in Britain

"The reason given by the British Government for placing such a restriction on our apples was that they do not, at present, have the apple fruit fly in Great Britain, and they do not desire to have the pest carried in on imported fruit. Various persons have raised their opinion in the matter, giving as reasons retaliation to tariffs placed upon English goods by the United States; that England is tired of handling junk apples from here; and the English Government wishes to protect the Province.

Other Countries Follow Britain

"But regardless of the real reason, we must learn to control this pest. For it is not what England does, but what the countries of Continental Europe will do. These countries have been quick to follow examples set by Great Britain and we have been warned by the Foreign Agricultural Service that similar embargoes may be placed upon our apples at any time by these countries and will render the export trade negligible.

"A more recent development has been in the markets of this continent. The chief domestic market for our apples, the Board of Health has ruled that 'no apples infected with the 'Apple Fruit Fly' shall be sold in the markets of Boston.' This ruling has made a more difficult situation in marketing our apples, and if drastic steps are not taken to control the pest the apple industry of Maine will suffer greatly."

Regular Deposits

Steadily Made

Help Many Persons

To Make the Grade.

Put Your Savings

In Your Own Savings Bank

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

APPLE SCAB (AGAIN) THREATENS AT HIGHMOOR FARM

Apple growers are reported to be relying on the current dry weather to help them control the scab disease. However, in spite of only two and a quarter inches of rain being recorded since May 1 at Highmoor Farm, apple scab is as threatening there as it was a year ago. Careful examination of McIntosh leaves has shown just about as much scab to be present as at the same date in 1931. Last year the disease scabbed 15 per cent of the fruits in spite of six thorough applications of lime sulphur. That was largely because the season was early and the usual first five applications ended on June 21 with the sixth not made until about August first. An application should have been made about July 10. This year the fifth application will be made about June 25. Since there is about the same amount of scab on the leaves as at this time last year and the season is just as early, the stage is set for as heavy a dose of scab as last year if the weather from now on is suitable for the development of the malady. The Experiment Station at Highmoor Farm, to be safe, plans further to make a sixth application of lime sulphur about July 11 and a seventh one the last week of July.—Donald Poisson, Plant Pathologist, Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, June 16, 1932.

NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. French and her mother, Mrs. Tuell, were in Errol, N. H. last Sunday. Miss Rosa Sweet returned with them for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rand and their son and family were in Dixfield for the week end, returning Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Pendexter of Denmark were Sunday callers at Walter Poyers'.

Mr. Howard of Mexico was in town last Monday with his usual line of ladies' hose and shoes.

Two new families have moved into town with children that will help the schools.

Ralph Brown has two more men at work for him in the woods.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

Mrs. W. C. Swan, who has been visiting at Carey Stevens, has returned to her home in Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Eva Buckman spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker.

Dorothy Baker spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Eva Buckman.

Kenneth Stanley from Jersey City, N. J., is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stanley.

Mrs. Bessie Soule of Portland spent Monday night with her father, Ossian Stanley.

Rebecca W. Carter went to Pine Point last Wednesday where she has employment.

Augustus and Richard Carter have finished work at Leslie Davis'.

Willie Ward went to Scarborough Sunday. Mrs. Ward, who has been spending a week there, returned home with him.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mather of Swampscott, Mass., and Mrs. Howard Gunther were callers at Mrs. Fannie Carter's Sunday.

Harold and Roger Bartlett spent Sunday at home.

Gay Stevens and family of Fayette, Maine, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carey Stevens.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed and sworn to the office of Justice of the Peace for the County of Oxford, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said court are directed to present the same for settlement, and all in arrears to pay the same, to the undersigned immediately.

WILLIAM R. DAVIS.

June 2nd 1932. Bethel, Maine. His

WEST BETHEL

Earl Hutchinson of Reading, Mass., is in town visiting relatives for a few days.

Gerald Cushing, wife, and little son are home from Hebron for a few weeks.

Mrs. Sam Dunham is in Rumford for a few weeks.

Margaret Bennett spent Saturday with Ruth Bennett in Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Westleigh of Norway called on Mrs. Emogene Lovejoy Sunday.

Miss Laura Hutchinson is having a week's vacation from her work at Hebron Academy.

Mrs. Stephen Westleigh spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Lotie Hutchinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lovejoy were in Norway Thursday.

O'Neill and Edward Robertson of Bethel spent the week end with their aunt, Mrs. Estella Goodridge.

Carroll Abbott is painting his house.

Mrs. Fred Fleet of Sunday River is with Mrs. Emma Mills for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Menard and Miss Margaret Lynch of Springfield, Mass., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Bell over the week end.

Madlyn Bell and Esther Mason returned home from the Kindergarten Training School, where they have been the past year.

Mrs. Cora Brown called on her brother, Fred Scribner, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Anthony have moved into Mrs. M. M. Whitman's rent where they will live during the summer.

Alfred Adams of Shelburne was in town one day last week, moving his goods from his house on the river road.

Clayton Kendall is able to be up town after several weeks of illness.

Albert Kimball is hauling lumber to Portland for F. L. Edwards of Bethel.

Warren Bean has returned home from Colebrook, N. H.

Harland Kimball is in Norway for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bennett and family attended the services at Hunt's Corner Sunday.

Edwin Bennett was in Albany last week to visit his mother, Mrs. Warren.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mrs. Hersey of Watford is spending a few days with her daughter on Howe Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Mains of Portland spent a few days at their camp in this vicinity.

Miss Abbie Gill of Bethel spent the day with the Deegan children recently.

Mrs. Cummings and grandson of Bethel called on her daughter last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Croteau of Bethel called on his brother recently.

John Gill is doing some work on his farm.

Mr. Winslow is working on the hay press.

Mr. Lord of Watford was in town with his meat cart recently.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

Questions

1. Whose portrait is on a 6c stamp?
2. What state do the Pukes come from?
3. What was the cause of the slogan "54-40 or fight"?
4. Who was Hymen?
5. What is the flower for November?
6. What author sometimes wrote under the name of Rex?
7. What color is a robin's egg?
8. Who commanded the sun to stand still and it did?
9. What is the meaning of the feminine proper name Ann?
10. What is the monetary unit of the Philippine Islands?
11. How is the name of the author Van Loon pronounced?
12. Does longitude run east and west or north and south?

Answers to Last Week's Questions

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
2. Jacob.
3. An interrogative sentence is a sentence that asks a question.
4. Lava is rock material in a molten state within the earth's crust or that which has been poured out on the earth's surface through volcanic action.
5. An idiom is properly an expression peculiar to a language and which distinguishes it from others.
6. Maryland.
7. William N. Doak.
8. John M. Carnor.
9. Linseed oil, white lead and zinc.
10. Usury is a higher rate of interest than is allowed by law.

Automobile registrations of passenger cars for the first five months of the year have fallen off 11,758 from last year. The number of chauffeur's licenses has increased, but all other items of automobile revenue are reduced.

A nursery of more than 1,000 young hardwood trees has been started on the Mayflower Hill site of the future Colby College campus.

ELECTROL

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Economy and Service

Range Burners

Priced from

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HEATING and PLUMBING

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Bryants Pond, Me.

FIREWORKS

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HARDWARE STORE

Bethel, Maine

We give S & H Stamps

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. E. Bosserman, Bethel; Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, Bethel; John King, Bethel; Gordon Chase, Bethel; Ralph Carlson, Bethel.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1932

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE

Pleasant Valley grange met in regular session June 14th with Master Bernard Rolfe in the chair. Deputy Harold E. Pike was present and gave some helpful advice and words of encouragement. The following program was given:

A talk on the Present Political, Economic and Religious Situation, by Bro. Gerald Cushing.

Piano Selection and encore.
Bro. Richard Russell of Bethel Grange.
Bro. Leland Mason of Bethel Grange.
Bro. Fred Cushing of Bethel Grange.
Bro. Fred Cushing of Bethel Grange.

Remarks, Bro. Bailey of Bethel Grange. Grange closed in form with fifteen members and twenty-five visitors present. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

BETHEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Grade V

Three pupils have achieved a wonderful record in that they have not been absent or tardy for the entire school year. They are Dana Brooks, John Berry, and Arlene Greenleaf.

The following received 100% in spelling for the Spring term: Richard Andrews, Maynard Austin, Dana Brooks, Faith Brown, Elsie Connor, Richard Crockett, Arlene Greenleaf, Madeline Hall, Helen Lowe, Barbara Lynn, Eva Merrill, and Edward Wheeler.

Research Shows Modern

Practices Are Copies

These archeologists, who are always digging up new facts from the old, have brought to light some new evidence to show that the modern practices of the present are copies of the old.

Not only do archeologists find the same old practices, but in the case of the ancient Egyptians, they found that the modern practices of the present are copies of the old.

Prof. Edward A. Tamm of the University of Chicago has found that the modern practices of the present are copies of the old.

So there is nothing new in the idea of the modern practices of the present. The ancient Egyptians found that the modern practices of the present are copies of the old.

And these modern young newspaper reporters who tear their hair when their editors tell them "copy" may find that the modern practices of the present are copies of the old.

John A. Wilson of the Institute.

Birthday Cakes

There are many birthday cake traditions. The most familiar is that the young man or woman who puts out all the candles with out puff will be married before the next birthday cake is around, while another year of singlehood is foretold by every candle left burning.

By another version, the owner of the birthday cake makes a wish as he or she blows the time of its fulfillment being foretold by the number of candles that remain. There is a variant of this also whereby, if all the candles go out, the guests are required to bring about the realization of the wish.

Shakespeare Country

The Shakespeare country of England is visited every year by thousands of Americans who come to see the scenes associated with the life of the famous Bard of Avon. Stratford-on-Avon is easily reached from London in a few hours, and the entire district can be covered in a day's trip.

Here are Shakespeare's birthplace, the church in which he was baptized and buried, the school he attended and the house of his family and friends. Nearby, at Shottery, is the famous cottage where Anne Hathaway lived and where Shakespeare would have been in the neighboring village of Wilmcote in the home of his mother.

BIBLE TALK

BY

D. S. BROOKS

ONESIMUS—A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SLAVE—REDEEMED!

My good friends, I want you to read and give as much heed to this message as if I were standing before you, and looking into your faces. I never have experienced any difficulty in holding the attention of an audience. I have given the Holy Word a deep study with the best commentaries that Bible scholars have in use. Then I present the Truth in my own peculiar style. The following: concerning Onesimus, is one of the interesting stories of the Scriptures. Please wipe off the dust from that old Bible, over there in the corner of the room. It may be under a bunch of Sunday papers, or back of some alluring love novels. However, it is doubtless, there, somewhere; and when you have found it please open its pages to the little Book of Philémon. Some of you may not know where to locate it—as many are unfamiliar with the inspired Word. It may be found in the last part of the New Testament—between the Book of Titus and the Epistle to the Hebrews. It has but one chapter of twenty-five verses. I thank God that it did not get left out when the many books were collected and bound together into that magnificent volume known as the Bible. Very often, I shall present these messages clothed in present day language; and I hope that you will miss one of them.—We live on a back road, and we are as much alive as any other thinking human being; and you are all going to know more about me, in the not far distant future; so let us start our acquaintance now. I wish to cite you to the tenth and eleventh verses of this little Epistle of Paul to Philémon. Read all of this tiny book. Substitute "heart" for the old fashioned synonym of "bowels," used in the Bible signifying affection, and you will get a better understanding of the meaning. Now, turn to my text and read, "I beseech thee for my son, Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds: which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me." I have thought that the meeting of Paul and Philémon must have taken place at Ephesus where Paul was busy with revival meetings. I am positive that Philémon was a convert under the great Apostle's preaching, and a great friendship sprang up between these men.

Slavery was almost universally carried on in those days, and if a kind master to his slaves became converted to the Christian religion he thought it was no sin to retain them. Philémon had in his household a slave called Onesimus—a bad fellow. He was a hard wine-drinker, and was often drunken and a great trouble-maker. This, with a lazy disposition, made him almost unbearable.

Rome being the center of the civilized world in those days, Onesimus took it into his head to run away and hide himself in the city of Rome. He was a hard worker, and many an other young fellow has, in our generation, run away from a good home on a slight-seeing tour, to end up a worthless tramp, in some big city, without money and without friends. This was exactly the experience that happened to Onesimus. He had ended up a cheap career over there in Rome and found himself without money or friends. St. Paul's over there, too, in bonds; yet he allowed his liberty around the city, but must make his appearance in court when summoned by the emperor.

Now listen—one of the open-air preaching services has come to a close and Onesimus wanders away with the dispersing crowd. Paul heads down Broadway—out by the Appian Way—over next to the Tomb, to his little lonely tent. On the way home from his street meeting he spies an old familiar face of a fellow who is leaning back for support against a drinking saloon.

The great preacher ponders who it may be: "Where have I seen him?" With a quick memory to recall faces and incidents, he reasons, "This is that poor drunken fellow whom I met many years ago at Philémon's, back there at Ephesus, on the continent of Asia. I wonder what brought him to Rome, so far away? Poor fellow—see how dirty and ragged and disheveled he looks; and hungry, too. He does not look as if he had eaten anything for a week. I must do something to help him at once!" Now some folk, who think they are very generous, if they do anything to help a tramp, would have taken the smallest piece of money they carried in their pocket and given it to him and said, "Go—buy yourself some crackers." And they would have gone on so puffed up and consoled with their great (?) sacrifice for the "poor guy" that they would have rehearsed it in the ears of their friends for the next six months. But Paul was tactful and used a different method. He says, "How-do-you-do, friend Onesimus. It has been many

He Didn't Invite the Guests to His Party



years since we met. How fortunate for me, I have come across you. It is so lonely over to my little tent with no one with whom I can talk. I am sure I shall have the pleasure of your company, tonight. My accommodations are modest, but you will be welcome and made comfortable." Paul had sufficient means to get along from his own earnings as a tent maker. This invitation needs not be given twice, and the two walk along together, chatting pleasantly. By and by Paul says, "This is the place. Walk in and make yourself at home. Here is a foot tub and plenty of refreshing water to bathe your poor, tired, aching feet." Then the two partook of a good, wholesome meal. At bed-time, the host said, "Before I retire, I always read the Word and pray." At this the guest at first appeared distressed; and then resigned himself to his fate. He fully anticipated a lecture upon his wicked career. But, such a surprise followed! Instead of any rebuke, the dear old evangelist read a few comforting verses from the Psalms on the love of God; and then said, "We will thank our heavenly Father for his loving care, and ask his protection for the night." A most beautiful prayer was preached up to God. Poor Onesimus felt comforted and strengthened. When it was finished, he voluntarily confessed his sins to the aged soul-winner; and begged Paul to pray that God would forgive his sins and save his poor soul. O, what a prayer meeting, these two had that night together!

Let us catch the vision of a holy life with heaven at the end. He played many days as a guest, and received instructions in the Scriptures. Finally the day came when they must separate. St. Paul is soon going to lay his head upon Nero's block. The new convert said, "God has changed my desires from a sinful life to one of obedience and right living. I must go back to my Christian master and ask him forgiveness for the way I have treated him." So Paul wrote this Epistle to Philémon and commended the (spiritual) son, Onesimus, to the care of the old master, saying he would have been glad to have retained him as his assistant in the ministry. For it was plain to everyone that this man possessed rare gifts which adapted him for such work. He was a sweet singer of the gospel message. And, once, Paul had invited him to exhort to the assembled multitude. What he told with tear-dimmed eyes what a sinner he had been and how tenderly Paul had won him to Jesus Christ, it was plain to see that it greatly moved the people. And Paul said, "God has called you to the holy office of the ministry." Before Paul could let him depart he laid his hands in prayer upon his head and consecrated him to the office of the ministry. It was beautifully touching. O, what a change from a blasphemous drunkard to a saint of God! Tenderly, Paul and Onesimus parted, never to meet again until they should greet one another beside the Great White Throne. The latter took the loving letter, carrying it in his bosom—to his old master, and received full pardon, and was set at liberty when Philémon heard the glorious news of his conversion.

Records show that he was a most successful evangelist; following in the footsteps of the martyr Paul. Years afterward he was consecrated to the high office of bishop, and set over a diocese. Who can tell, but the Almighty God, what there is in a man that can be brought out for good, although he may be outwardly rough and apparently worthless?

My experience as a minister, for nearly thirty years, has revealed to me that on a scale of a hundred but one man regularly attend Church. A much less number are real Christians. It also averages one man out of a hundred that no earthly influences can reach. Though a legion of angels should gather around him—playing

Albany—Waterford

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sanderson of Stoneham, Mass., spent the past week at their camp at the Five Kezars.

The Dresser school reunion which was held June 18th, was well attended.

Arlene Jordan is visiting at Ernest Brown's while her mother, Mrs. Josephine Sanderson, and Faye Lord are visiting relatives and friends in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Walter Lord and family entertained friends from Boston several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis McAllister of Fryeburg were in this place recently. Dr. Gussman and family are stopping at Roy Lord's.

Mrs. John Fox and June Brown attended graduation at Bridgton Academy.

Mrs. Mabel Sloan and son Theodore of Norway are staying at their farm in Norway.

Winfield Sloan is doing carpenter work at Norway.

Diamonds by Thousands
Awaiting Lucky Finder

Diamonds, emeralds and even copper—or rather stories of these treasures—have lured many a prospector to his death in the thickets of South Africa. Even men as tough as salaried soldiers cannot exist for long in these burning wastes. I remember one hard, sun-browned prospector telling me the legend of the "Hotterton's Paradise"—something more than a legend, really, for the main facts are filed away in the official archives of Windhoek, the capital of Southwest Africa.

Long before the World War, it seems, a sandstorm swept down on a German military patrol near Swakopmund, the seaport north of Walvis Bay. One soldier, separated from his companions, was found delirious by a band of wandering bushmen and taken to their secret stronghold. Here, in a rocky pool of fresh water, were diamonds by the thousand; the wisened little bushman children were playing with them. The trooper escaped from this remote spot, fitted out an expedition to rediscover the place, and was found dead with a bushman's arrow in his body. In his pocket were four rough diamonds and a vague map describing the route to the "Bushman's Paradise." Later searches cost several more lives; but the hiding place of that hoard of diamonds has never been found.—New York Times.

Buddhists Believe Sun
Pays Homage to Deity

The "Spectre of the Broken," in the Hartz mountains of Germany, has a counterpart in Ceylon. Every year hundreds of people climb Adam's Peak to see the sunrise from its top and the famous parabolic shadow that is thrown up on the other side only to disappear with the increasing brightness of day. The apparition stands still for many seconds, then nearer and nearer, always growing larger, it advances towards the observer. Like a veil, it is transparent, and one can see the plains below distinctly through it. So distinct is the whole thing that from Colombo, which is about 150 miles away, the shadow can be seen on a clear morning. A curious Buddhist belief linked to this illusion is that this is the sun itself worshipping Adam's peak which, of course, is famous for the sacred footprint of Buddha.

Children Mother School
Some school children in Poland have had the experience of playing nurse to a stork. The long-legged bird was severely wounded in a fight with another stork. Some children of Brezina, where this fight took place, not liking to see the bird suffer, bound up the injured stork and made it a home in a stable. The children found that they had not reckoned on its enormous appetite. It ate 60 frogs a day. Its hosts were obliged to enlist the services of their schoolmates in the frog hunt.

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TWO-MINUTE SERMON

by REV. GEORGE HENRY

PREACHING AND PRACTICE

It is the habit of some men to regard themselves as holier than others and to set themselves up as critics and teachers of their fellow men. The teacher, whether in the pulpit, the Sunday school, the public school, or the home, who speaks with oiled tongue of the blessedness of mercy and who is unmerciful in his dealings with others is not only a failure—he is revolting. I know a man who is prominent in the church, who is an easy talker, who is everlastingly preaching and talking. His preachments are all right and his teaching is sound, but he doesn't pay his debts. He is a crook. He is a reprobate and a stumbling block. Teaching is important but it is effective only when it is backed up by sincerity. Preaching is by practice. Get down from that pedestal. A man ought to practice Christianity seven days for every hour he spends in talking. Christianity is more men are converted through deeds than words, and by the same token, more men are damned.

NEWRY CORNER

Miss Doris Dunsmore of Portland has been a guest of Miss Gwendolyn Godwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and family of Bethel have moved on to the place recently vacated by Herbert Morton and family at North Newry.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Chapman and daughter Sally and Mrs. Gertrude Milliken of Bethel, were in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Learned and daughter Eleanor, Mrs. Grace Arnesen and Mrs. Grace Hulbert attended the graduation of Miss Marion Learned from Stephens High School last Thursday evening.

Posters were put up through the town Tuesday advertising Down Bros. circus to be held in Rumford July 5.

Collan Fuller and William Brown are painting the overnight cabins at Bear River Tea House.

Miss Marion Learned is at present spending her vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt and son Ernest recently attended the funeral of Mr. Holt's aunt, Mrs. Riggs at Waterford.

Will Bartlett of Mason was in town one day last week. He had been to Upton to visit his sister who is ill.

Several attended the wedding of Miss Gene Saunders and Charles Whitney Dally at Rumford Point, Wednesday noon. Congratulations are extended to the young couple for a prosperous and happy future.

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THE BLESSED BARRIER

By FANNIE HURST

By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

(W.S.V. Service)

MEMBER in the heart, the mind and the spirit of young Sterling was a barrier as high, practically, as his life was long. And you even suggested anything to any member of the household, they would have met the caution with loyal and heated de-

How could Sterling secretly feel of an outsider in the household, when not one of the household, although they had quite simply been told when they each became a member of the household, that they were not to be considered as outsiders? Sterling was not blood brother? A matter of fact, bending too backward perhaps to relieve this. Ann and Proscow had looked to see to it that Sterling never even more than their own children of parental solicitude.

It was a fact that Sterling had been told by Ann during a previous stage was as remote in the mind as present husband and children. It had never happened.

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Under Frozen Stairs

By George Marsh

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THE STORY

W.N.U. SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.—From his fur post, Jim Stuart, trader in charge, lights an overland route in the Canadian north. The leaden, misty, he sees the drifters, who prove to be Aurea Leifland, daughter of his friend in the fur business. Made comfortable at the post, Aurea proves to be a charming companion. Leifland, with her husband, an adventurous half-breed, arrives in search of the missing Jim Stuart. Aurea, however, is disappointed, and the meeting is embarrassing. Though Leifland is disappointed, his debt of gratitude to Jim Stuart is not.

CHAPTER II.—Aurea leaving, Aurea and Jim arrange to exchange notes on a certain island. Going there, Jim is ambushed by Aurea and forced to travel toward the Leifland post. On the way he overcomes the beast, leaving his half-dressed enemy on the beach.

CHAPTER III.—Jim, with Omar, goes to discuss plans with his superior, Andrew Christie. Displeased at the trade showing made by the post, Christie allows Jim to go. He is given a year to "make good." He leaves the post with a heavy heart, feeling he has been unjustly treated. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

CHAPTER IV.—After hearing the story, Leifland and his wife, Aurea, and Jim arrange a rendezvous. At the meeting, they discuss the situation. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

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CHAPTER VI.—Jim and Omar travel from camp to camp, discussing the situation. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

CHAPTER VII.—The two travelers roll their blankets in the shape of men sleeping. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

CHAPTER VIII.—On his way down the river, Jim (Stuart) determined to attempt to reach the post. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

CHAPTER IX.—Jim, with Omar, goes to discuss plans with his superior, Andrew Christie. Displeased at the trade showing made by the post, Christie allows Jim to go. He is given a year to "make good." He leaves the post with a heavy heart, feeling he has been unjustly treated. Aurea, however, is not so sure. She believes in Jim, and she is determined to help him. She is determined to help him, and she is determined to help him.

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The trail is long, but he has seen nothing.

Trail beaten dogs and driver limped in from the lake ice. In amazement Jim stared at the drawn face and tortured eyes of the factor of Sunset House, as they shook hands. To Jim's eager look Omar shook his hooded head. "No sign—nothing."

Groping under his skin capote, Jim produced the pitiful square of white muslin.

"I found this on the Deer Lodge—nothing since. I never spotted a sled track; the snow wiped out everything. What of the Indians?"

Omar gravely shook his head. "I talk to two hunters on the Pipe-stone, but they see no trail and no sled head in the north."

"In one-two sleep," said Jim, "I saw the trail of the sled. It was many miles from the Wink and the lower Sturgeon. They bring their fur to the House of Sunset. If he passed here they have met him."

"Can he keep alive—and game in the winter on the Wink and the Sturgeon, Jim?" asked Jim.

The old Indian shook his head. "He will not know where to find the caribou up there. And the wind is bitter in the Moon of the Spirit. They will starve."

"Starve," muttered the man who listened, with a shudder. "Better to starve, though, than live that long with Paradise!"

That night Jim lay like a dead man. There would be no start before dawn under the stars for him and his dogs. Before daylight, six inches of new snow covered the trails to the Wink and the lower Sturgeon. Until the hunters came in from the north Omar and Jim would be lost. To go on blindly was madness.

Late in the afternoon Jim waked to the yelp of huskies. The first of the Wink hunters were in to meet Jim, on their way to the trade. Throwing off his robes, Jim hurried to a knot of hooded Indians who stood beside their panting dogs, gasping excitedly as they talked to Jim and Omar.

"You say a sled passed your camp in the night, heading north?" Jim heard Omar ask in Ughwa.

"Yes, our dogs heard them, and in the morning there was the fresh trail in the young snow."

"Would an Indian pass your camp in the night?"

"No, he would stop; it was a stranger."

Omar turned to meet the glittering eyes of his chief. "I am starting, now! We can't take any chances—we've got to cover both trails north!" insisted Jim.

"But the Wink in winter you take the Sturgeon and travel until you're sure you are not ahead of you; then back track and follow me down the Wink and back for the dogs, and some grub. We may need them!"

"I am later than you," objected Omar. "My dogs have good rest, yours are—"

"He is later, Omar!" Jim turned, already feeling that his chief had been right. "I want to meet him alone!" Then he went with muttered words, "I may be starving, already starved."

Down the lake, purple under the stars, the sled dogs galloped into the trail.

CHAPTER XIV

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"No rest—no sleep while I see this trail!"

Ruthless as a starved wolf on a caribou track, stopping only to eat, all that day down the winding Wink Jim held to the sled-trail in the snow. At last the galloping dogs, who for twenty hours had driven their iron wheels to his call, faltered.

"Marche, Wolf!" ventrally protested the hoarse voice of the man who, for hours had swung head down, at the tail of the sled. At the call the gallant lead-dog lifted his lolling head, and lurching forward in the traces; but the team behind were done, and making no response, hitched along at a slow walk.

"It's no use! We're through!" groaned the man who had driven himself to the end of his strength. In his ears the voice of Aurea ever calling him on, on over the endless snow.

The swift December night was close, and as the team crawled behind him, Jim staggered ahead, searching for a place to camp. Shortly the trail he followed swung in to the shore.

"Their camp!"

Spurred by the thought of what the snow would reveal, the excited man followed the trail into the timber.

In seconds he would know—know if she lived! There might be a message—a sign that she still hoped, hoped for help that her eyes had strained for in vain.

There in the thick spruce ahead was the fire-hole, with the dead embers—the broken heart of the camp. With pounding heart he reached the spot trampled by the dogs and a man's moccasins.

"She's alive! She's with him!" Before him in the snow were the imprints of small feet.

Frankly he searched the campsite for some evidence that she had not despaired—some sign to the speeding dog-teams on the trail of Paradise. And at last, in a small cedar he found a scrap of birch-bark.

Go! It was traced with a charred stick: "Dogs gone! Come quick! A."

"She knows we're behind her—knows we're coming, Wolf!" Jim shouted to the dogs who had brought the sled in and lay panting on the snow. "His team's done for! We'll get him tomorrow, you cripples! A big feed and sleep tonight. Tomorrow we'll burn up the trail!"

Later, as the muffled body of Jim Stuart lay in the sleep hole beside the flaming birch logs, and near him, noses buried in thick furs, curled his trail-beaten team, deep in the sleep of utter exhaustion, the spruce above them creaked with the rising wind. And before dawn, the first north-wester from the icefields of the bay was shrieking up the valley of the Wink.

The man who waited, and stirred his stiffened legs to rise and freshen the fire for his breakfast kettle, found the camp buried in drift as the sleet of the blizzard flayed the rocking spruces.

For a space Jim lay in his blankets while tears of weakness and shattered hope slowly froze on his uncovered face.

"I'd have reached them today! They're not far ahead, ten—fifteen miles," he groaned. "But the dogs won't face this long."

Eating his breakfast, he harnessed the dogs, reluctant to leave their sleeping holes in the snow, secure from the drive of the wind which roared past, up the river.

"Marche, Wolf!" Jim snapped his whip beside the ears of the gaunt leader, and man and dogs plunged with lowered heads into the white mist.

On they went while the wind strengthened, sweeping the snow before it in swirls which sucked their breath, blinding their eyes, heaping drifts high on the river trail which Jim beat down through, leading his team of snow-drifted wreaths by a hand. As he fought his way and by yard, his numbing face and fingers warned him of the slowly increasing cold. Still he battled on; the pin-pointed needles of snow crystals cutting his cheeks like stabs, cutting his stubble of a beard and eyes with cold. Often breath whipped from his nostrils by a white wind-storm, man and dogs lay down, back to the toothed fury. Then, above the beat of the wind, the voice of Aurea would call, and wiping the ice from

the ice from his blinded eyes, he would stagger on, his head down into the storm.

So they went through the morning, but at last the tortured dogs refused longer to face the pitiless blizzard which swept their nostrils with frozen blast. Turning in their traces, they lay down, back to the knife-edged drive of the wind, while the snow drifted over them.

Marching beside his gaunt lead dog, Jim dropped his mittens and rubbed with his stiffening fingers the rimmed snow from the hairy nose, freeing the blind eyes.

"You've worked yourself to the bone, boy. I'll never forget!" he panted. The inflamed eyes of the leader gazed steadily at the hooded form beside him, as his red tongue answered.

He was miles nearer his man, for in that storm the weakened dogs of Paradise would anchor him to his camp, but Jim let his team into the wind-break of the timber with a heart sore with his failure. She was doomed to another night with the torture of its doubt and fear before the galloping dogs of the man who loved her reached her.

Deep in the wind break of the timber, Jim stooped out a fire-hole in the snow with a club and made camp. A Hudson's Bay mother often blew for three days, but in the morning he would start again—battle into the toothed wind that stung his face like a whip-lash; fight his way, while his legs lashed, to the girl who prayed,

In the hands of a madman, for his coming.

In mid-afternoon, night fell like a blanket, as the white drive of the blizzard roared past the drifted camp in the spruce. But long before the bitter darkness preceding dawn, the wind had whipped itself out and the snow died. With the falling of the wind, the first fierce cold of December, hard on the heels of the northern, gripped the valley of the Wink, to split the river ice with the boom of cannon while the timber snapped like rifle shots in the vice of the frost.

As the stars dimmed in the withering dawn, six lean huskies, followed by trailing ribbons of frozen breath, started down the river, purple with shadow, between the black buttresses of the hills. Riding the sled where the wind had scoured the ice, breaking a path on his snowshoes for his foundering dogs where drifts barred the way, Jim pushed north. The sun lifted in the southeast to rim the white ridges with fire. Then, up the silent valley drifted a long wall on the freezing air. The ears of the plodding team lifted. Their black nostrils quivered as they sought for the scent of their hereditary enemy.

"The wolves are after some breakfast!" muttered Jim snapping his whip as the dogs trotted over a stretch of wind-scoured river. Again the far call reached the team. Lifting his nose, the sledge leader sent back the answering challenge of the husky, as the team behind him snarled and yelped in their excitement.

A half-mile below, the river made a sharp turn. Reaching the bend, Jim, who was leading the team, stopped in his tracks; then, calling to his team, hurried ahead, as three gray shapes left a stark object in the snow and slunk from the river ice into the forest.

What was that by the trail? Jim approached the thing in the snow which the wolves had left.

"After all!" he groaned. "Is this the end? Did she despair of his coming? Did she wait there in the snow for the man who was too late?"

Cold with dread, Jim stumbled forward, followed by his dogs, and looked, torn by the fangs of the starving

wolves lay the carcass of a husky, lean to emaciation.

With a cry of relief and joy, Jim shouted to his sniffling dogs.

"We've got him, boys! His dogs are done! He left this one yesterday, but he didn't travel far in that blow!"

Two miles farther on, a gray sled-trail leading the timber for the river ice marked the last camp of Paradise. But Jim's anxious search found no message from the girl whose moccasins had marked the snow.

Then with a shout to each of his dogs and a hug for the boy leader, the race was on. Three-fourths of a mile farther on, the sled-trail led to a dead end. There, Jim found a dead husky lying on its back, its head broken by a blow from the girl's hand. Further on, the sled-trail led to a dead end. There, Jim found a dead husky lying on its back, its head broken by a blow from the girl's hand.

Down the white valley slaved the team with its lead driver, bounding through broad high drifts, where the snow billowed like the sea; scrambling at a wild gallop over the wind-hammered reaches, drawing closer, ever

closer, to the fleeing sled of Paradise. Spurring his panting dogs who cursed and cursed, merciless blue himself and his team, the half-crazed Stuart pressed on.

Then the river widened and the white plain of a lake opened before the hollow eyes of the exhausted Jim. Leaving his spent dogs on the snow, Stuart climbed a snow-drifted boulder.

Faintly his glancing eyes followed the sled-trail out across the glittering lake. He looked long, blinking in the sun glare from the snow; then leaped from the boulder and staggered to his team.

"They're out there, Wolf! We've caught 'em, boys! We've won!"

Circling the lean neck of the lead-dog with his arms, Jim kissed the scarred skull of the great beast whose gaunt heart had kept the flagging team on the trail.

Out over the white lake, broken by drifts, reeled the drooping dog, red tongue swinging from lowered head, urged by their frenzied driver.

"Two miles more, Wolf! Only two miles more, and we're through!" pleaded the strained voice of the man who had crucified his body to reach the goal his eyes at last visioned.

Across the lake creeping spots on the snow beckoned him on. Minute by minute he gained on the moving team ahead. Kneeling on his sled, his rifle in his hands, Stuart's weakened eyes sought the figure of Aurea. But the sun glare fused dogs and people in a black blur.

To be continued.

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Two miles farther on, a gray sled-trail leading the timber for the river ice marked the last camp of Paradise. But Jim's anxious search found no message from the girl whose moccasins had marked the snow.

Then with a shout to each of his dogs and a hug for the boy leader, the race was on. Three-fourths of a mile farther on, the sled-trail led to a dead end. There, Jim found a dead husky lying on its back, its head broken by a blow from the girl's hand. Further on, the sled-trail led to a dead end. There, Jim found a dead husky lying on its back, its head broken by a blow from the girl's hand.

Down the white valley slaved the team with its lead driver, bounding through broad high drifts, where the snow billowed like the sea; scrambling at a wild gallop over the wind-hammered reaches, drawing closer, ever

closer, to the fleeing sled of Paradise. Spurring his panting dogs who cursed and cursed, merciless blue himself and his team, the half-crazed Stuart pressed on.

Then the river widened and the white plain of a lake opened before the hollow eyes of the exhausted Jim. Leaving his spent dogs on the snow, Stuart climbed a snow-drifted boulder.

Faintly his glancing eyes followed the sled-trail out across the glittering lake. He looked long, blinking in the sun glare from the snow; then leaped from the boulder and staggered to his team.

"They're out there, Wolf! We've caught 'em, boys! We've won!"

Circling the lean neck of the lead-dog with his arms, Jim kissed the scarred skull of the great beast whose gaunt heart had kept the flagging team on the trail.

Out over the white lake, broken by drifts, reeled the drooping dog, red tongue swinging from lowered head, urged by their frenzied driver.

"Two miles more, Wolf! Only two miles more, and we're through!" pleaded the strained voice of the man who had crucified his body to reach the goal his eyes at last visioned.

Across the lake creeping spots on the snow beckoned him on. Minute by minute he gained on the moving team ahead. Kneeling on his sled, his rifle in his hands, Stuart's weakened eyes sought the figure of Aurea. But the sun glare fused dogs and people in a black blur.

To be continued.

Five-Day Week Common

Forty Centuries Ago

Soviet Russia, in establishing a five-day week, merely adopted a calendar which was in use more than forty centuries ago among the ancient Hittites and Assyrians. Dr. I. J. Gelb of the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago, discovered.

Tablets containing the business correspondence of some Assyrian merchants who went to trade in the Hittite city about 2200 B. C., were also found. Their messages were inscribed on clay, which were then baked into brick. The tablets disclose that the credit ratings of the Hittites were none too good with the Assyrian visitors. The visiting merchants charged the local business men from 50 to 60 per cent for loans, and one Assyrian lender got 180 per cent and a bonus in honey. The terms never exceeded six months, and there was no difficulty in enforcing a judgment. If the borrower didn't pay, he became the slave of his creditor. Between themselves, the Assyrians loaned money at from 20 to 30 per cent.

The borrowers were not without legal protection, however. It was disclosed by one tablet deciphered by Doctor Gelb. "I am returning herewith the half mina of silver which I owe you," the debtor wrote, "and if you again request payment, I have the right to kill you."

Flax Cultivation Old

Matter to the Maoris

The application of science to industry has done much to increase the productivity of New Zealand soil, but in one instance at least science has now only discovered what the old-time Maoris knew 100 years ago. This fact was recently admitted by Dr. B. Marsden, secretary of the New Zealand department of scientific and industrial research, when discussing the development of the flax industry. Doctor Marsden said the Maoris had a complete knowledge of the varieties of flax suitable for their several purposes. Three of the best varieties used by the department for breeding and crossing have been obtained from old Maori women. Some of the plants owned by these Maoris had been maintained for specific uses for the past 100 years, and the knowledge of the peculiar properties of the different varieties possessed by the aged cultivators had surprised the research officers.

Venetian Merchant Fleets

Crowe and Cavallaro wrote of the merchant fleets of old Venice: "Every year six fleets were formed and manned and conveyed at the public expense. The freightage of the fleet was sold by auction and anyone might ship his merchandise at the price of the day. One squadron sailed to the Black sea with goods for Russia and Central Asia; another stopped at Constantinople after touching at ports of Greece and the islands; a third took the Armenian traffic to the harbors of Asia Minor and Syria; a fourth fed the markets of Egypt from Alexandria; a fifth, the Moors of Africa and Spain; the sixth went through the straits to the Netherlands and British Isles."

Where "Bad" Means "Good"

For the protection of the word "bad," the German government has passed a special new law. The word "bad" is affixed before the names of countless big or small German spas. A "bad" is a health resort where nature supposedly provides all that is required to restore the health of weary humans. A town may now call itself "bad" only if it has "special medical qualities, such as mineral springs, curative waters, or specially invigorating air." Furthermore, it must have perfect drinking water, good quarters for visitors, hygienic sanitary provisions and at least one doctor and one drug store with full medical equipment.

Queer Old Beliefs

Chocolate, which has enjoyed first place popularity for many hundreds of years, was once regarded as a sinful food. Jean Frane Hatch in 1624 wrote a treatise about chocolate in which he condemned it as a "valent inflamer of the passions" and urged that the monks should be forbidden to drink it. Another writer complained that the addition of sugar destroyed the value of chocolate, because sugar was a "corrosive salt and an enemy of the body."

Beginning of Great Work

What is said to be the earliest Ladies' Aid society work is spoken of in the ninth chapter of Acts, from the thirty-fifth to the fortieth verses, describing Tabitha or Dorcas, who with other saints and widows devoted their time to serving the distressed of the early Christians, ministering to the sick and afflicted and making little coats and garments for the clothing and health of the poor children, as well as ministering to the disciples and apostles.

Laugh at Yourself

Prof. Carl G. Gamon of Rutgers college, New Jersey, who when he says that, smiles: "A moron, a halfwit, even an idiot, can laugh at other people's mishaps; the man who can laugh at a superstition, a custom, a tradition, an institution, must be a happier; but the man who can genuinely laugh at himself is truly intelligent."—Quoted in "Golden Book."

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TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

YOU talk about your dramatic panoramas of life! What is more stirring than a glimpse backward, say the twenty years that follow the graduation of any given group, college reunion is a singularly poignant event. It is a stock taking. It is the moment of resume backward, and women who have not passed the race of life long enough even to contemplate it as a spectacle, are here to face the evidence.

I failed in the race or reached goal? Women who had not met for those years were about to come together for the first time; two men who had been inseparable through four years of high school and four subsequent years at their state university. The two men who had been inseparable during those years had been called during those years by the same name. It had been a nice ship, ceasing, it is true, after graduation to have any active significance, or for that matter, anything of any quality, because the paths of two boys diverged instantly.

Two boys diverged instantly. Tyson went to Boston to learn shipbuilding business in the yards in which his father's business had been. Nipher returned to his home to take up his father's business in the city.

World interests if ever there were, in climbing steadily ahead in the most profitable business of shipbuilding. Nipher, taking up where his father had left off, and then branching into many tributaries that led off to the left, but into which his father had never ventured.

When after twenty years of their respective efforts in their divergent paths that the old school and college boys were about to meet once more, Tyson's home town, which was situated on the most northerly of the Great Lakes, floated steamers of enormous drawing power.

It was in connection with an enterprise to launch some gigantic boats that the bones of this body of water Tyson was returning to his home town.

In the twenty years since his graduation from the state university, he had not set foot in it. The honors of his fine success had come to him, it is true. Some of the decorations of his success had come to him, it is true. Some of the decorations of his success had come to him, it is true.

Nipher married a few years later in Tyson. Where Tyson had chosen an eastern girl of some social prominence, Nipher made what was considered, even in his town, a peculiar alliance. He married a girl named Madeline de Fond, daughter of a French Canadian who had drifted across the St. Lawrence from Quebec and had made a more or less precarious existence as a veterinarian. Madeline was not only a rather plain, quiet girl, but she had quite a marked affliction, one which she had been deaf, hearing only slightly with the left ear.

Only slightly with the left ear, she beheld her one evening at the graduation exercises of the Central high school, where in spite of her affliction, she was graduated with honors. One year later they were married.

There were two children, normal youngsters with acute hearing. One of Nipher's favorite occupations when he was not working in his laboratory and doing important mounting of animals for some of the foremost museums in the country, was perfecting an ear disk for Madeline by which she might be enabled to hear more clearly.

Long years after his death, the plier ear drum was to earn great riches for his grandchildren. But when Tyson returned to his home city, the Niphers were living the quiet and uneventful lives of small town people of limited income. Madeline had no servant and took the care of her two children. Nipher himself spent the long hours of the day at work in his laboratory with only one assistant, and although he came to be regarded as the prime authority in his field, museum experts

journeying to him for advice from all over the country, his income failed to keep pace with his achievement.

Besides, pre-eminence in taxidermy was not the kind of thing calculated to bring a man any great local prominence. Indeed it is doubtful if his townspeople had any idea that in their midst they were fostering a man who was truly supreme in his work.

Nipher was just rather an old fogey like his father before him. Tyson, if he had had time to give any great amount of thought to his friend in the years intervening, might have affectionately fallen in with that general estimate of him.

And yet, it was with a glowing sense of warmth that he turned his face back home on the shipping mission in question. Good old Claude! Be a pleasure to write Claude a good fat check if for any reason he might be in need of funds. Chances were that he was. Taxidermist in a one-horse town. Read Claude had married. A dear girl, too. Just like old Claude. Undesigning sort of fellow. Fall for nearly anything. Should have kept better in touch with old Claude. No friendships like the old ones. Good old Claude! Love, won't ever again get out of touch with him.

So it was a genial, rather remorseful fellow who swung handsomely out of a train one day in the little city he had once called home. A fellow with prosperity written all over him. In the cut of his clothes, his manner of twisting up porters and chauffeurs, the look of his luggage. The general aroma of expensive well-being.

Nipher met him. The friends clasped hands. Big, long, silent clasps, two or three of them, and then, bag and luggage, great big Tyson crammed into Nipher's little old Ford roadster and off they chugged.

Offhand it was pretty much as Tyson had foreseen it would be. Stuffy, smelly, little old house. Smelly of horsehair and many, many gone yesterdays. Shabby gentility. Servantless. Madeline, a faded, gentle enough, person with the persistently low voice of the deaf and the eager listening manner. Two nice, normal youngsters. A bedroom, scrupulously clean, but that smelled monotonously of the years. Oh, yes, Tyson had been right. The first glimpse of the place showed that.

Deadly, shabby, gentility. Neat poverty. Routine. Monotony. Provincialism. Br-r-r. It made Tyson shiver as he unpacked his bag. So this was what the years had brought to Nipher! Good old boy—a snide taxidermist in a snide town.

Doggone shame. Do something about it. Doggone shame. Nipher, who was Tyson's age to the month, looked at least five years older than his friend.

Life had passed Nipher by. Had it? Tyson had occasion to ask himself after his first snap-judgments had worn away and after he left the house at the end of five weeks where originally he had only planned to remain five days.

Had he, or had life passed Tyson by in a fashion that terrified him, now that he was beginning to realize the extent to which his nose had been at the material grindstone?

Why Nipher, with complete unconsciousness, emitted Gregorian verse to Tyson and Madeline read poetry aloud during the long, quiet evenings, feeling its music along her lips as she transmitted it to her husband and children as they grouped about her in the lamplight.

The Niphers went on hikes in the springtime and actually and without self-consciousness studied the plant life of their region and brought home specimens for slides and mounted their findings in their "Springtime Books" as they called them.

Madeline Nipher played the harp, and in the evenings she took on a delicate kind of beauty, sweeping her fingers along the strings of the instrument there to the mellow quiet of the shabby study.

WEST PARIS

Miss Minnie Stevens is visiting her nephew, Dr. R. Nelson Hatt, and family at Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Evelyn Gray left Sunday evening for Stamford, Conn., where she will spend the week with her daughter, Miss Agnes L. Gray, who has taught school for some time in Connecticut. After visiting places of interest in New York they will return home in Miss Gray's auto, visiting friends in Massachusetts. They will spend the summer at Miss Gray's camp, Grayfort, Locke Mills.

Mrs. Albert Jackson spent the week end in Portland with friends. Mr. Jackson and her mother, Mrs. Phila Mayhew, motored to Portland to accompany her home Monday morning.

The Good Will Society and Friendly Class were guests of the Willing Workers of South Woodstock Tuesday. A fine dinner was enjoyed at noon and a pleasing program was presented by the entertaining society in the afternoon.

Horatio R. Dunham of Los Angeles, Calif., is the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Clara Dunham, and his nephew, Carl P. Dunham.

Quite a number of people went to Albany Sunday to hear Henry Merrill. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Curtis and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Barden, Mrs. Martha Kendall, and Glendine Rink.

H. A. Wollersheist and friend, Mr. King, of Lynn, Mass., spent the week end with his niece, Mrs. Leon Proctor. Irving Herrick has recovered from his illness of pneumonia which caused him to lose the last two weeks of school.

Mrs. John Bereski has gone to Old Orchard to work for the season. She is employed in the same place as for two seasons past. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wagar, Mr. Bereski, and Mrs. H. L. Patch motored to Old Orchard with her.

Mrs. Mabel A. Mann is visiting relatives in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Knight, Jr., are spending a few days at Mandeville, Mass.

Mrs. Emma Berry was at Norway last week, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Jackson, and family.

Wilbur Yates opened a new road house at Greenwood City Saturday noon. They are having the dwelling house on the place remodelled, and Mrs. Yates will go later to live there.

Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stearns the Good Will Society and friends spent a very delightful day at Snow Falls Inn Thursday, when the annual fair party was held there. About 20 ladies returned home a bit tired from the labor of the day, but feeling refreshed mentally by the fraternal expression of these gatherings.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes was at Locke Mills Tuesday evening to attend the exercises given by Miss Louie Penhobby's school. Miss Forbes was on the program for the prayer.

Mrs. Mary Harmon and three friends from Cambridge Mass., were week end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bryant.

Miss Ethel Brock arrived home by auto bus from her school in Scotland, Georgia, a week ago, and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock.

Miss Brock is principal of a grade school. She will attend the summer school for teachers held at Farmington Normal School for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Verner Smith have been entertaining the former's father from Oldfield.

Mrs. Grace Brock Whitney and family were guests at Mr. Brock's over the week end.

Mrs. Laura Houghton and companion, Mrs. Goodwin, are in her home for the summer.

Mrs. Belle Robinson was the guest Thursday of her niece, Mrs. Anna Emery, who also entertained other relatives.

Misses Ella and Clara Berry are vacationing at Ocean Park for two weeks at the cottage of Miss Effie Raymond, the daughter of a former Baptist minister here.

Mrs. Lena Sewall Herrick has left off the spalls on her arm which is slowly gaining strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Seldon of Quincy, Mass., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Albert Scribner, having come to attend the graduation of their granddaughter, Muriel Florence. Mrs. Scribner graduated from Farmington State Normal School on Tuesday, June 14.

Nearly every family from here was represented at the church services at Dun's Corner Sunday, given by the Thirteenth Class of Portland.

Mrs. Lillian V. Whitman and daughter Dorothy spent the week end at their summer home, "Camp Dorsey."

They were accompanied to Bethel by Miss Gwendolyn Stearns, who has returned from Abington, Mass., for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Fred A. Mundt and son James recently visited relatives in Gorham, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. James Goodrich and daughter Lois and Mrs. John Trefethen of Portsmouth, N. H., were entertained in the families of C. L. Whitman and E. B. Whitman over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler motored to Bellows Falls, Vt., Friday for a week's visit with relatives.

Alfred J. Penlee, who is 71 years of age, walked nine miles to Gilead last week and worked nine hours. Can you beat that?

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